

## **Prologue - It seems to not be a Case of a Retainer Overthrowing their Lord**

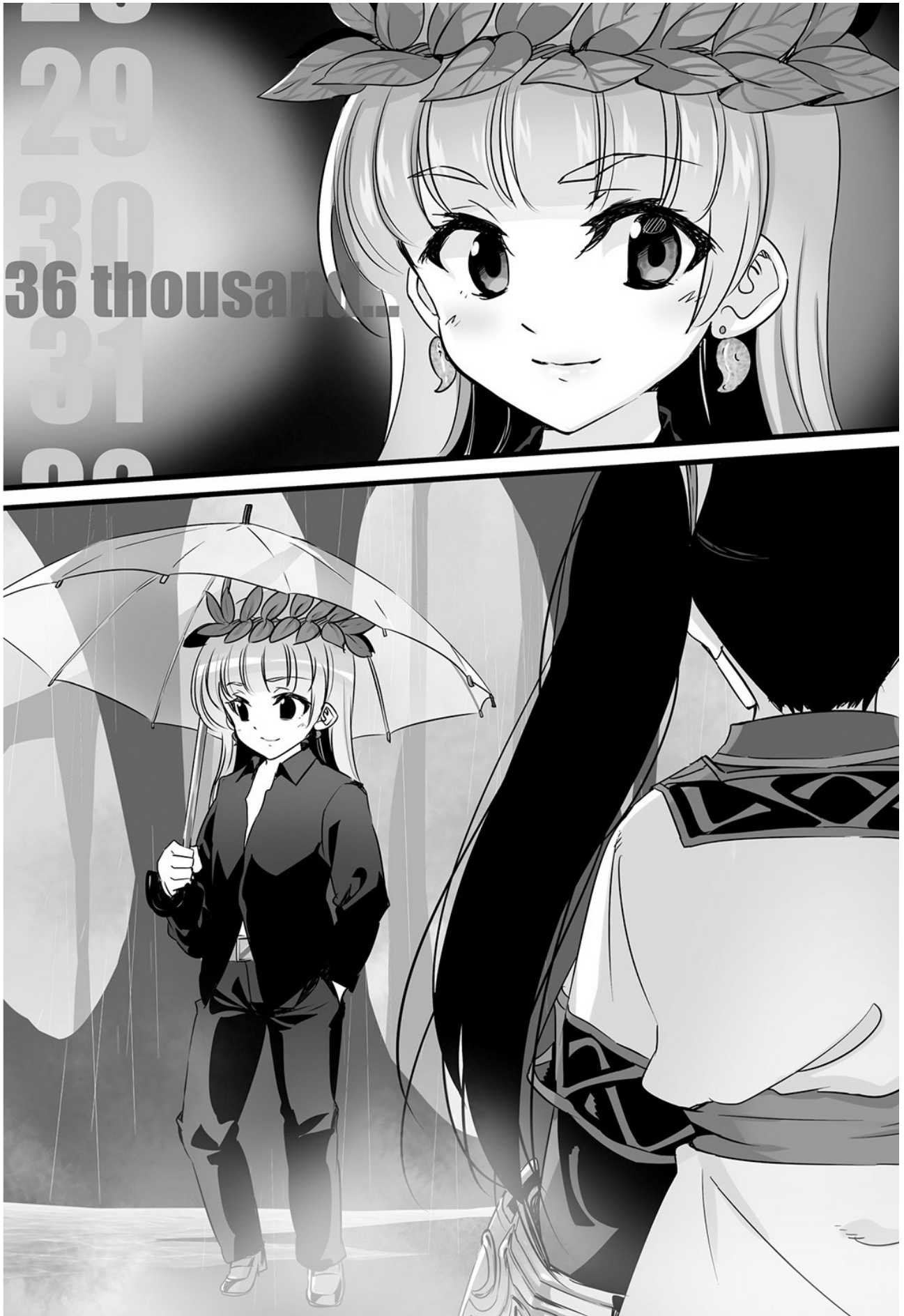
"I'll tell you a story...it was, yes, 36 years ago..."

Giliel gazed at the little girl, who was holding up an umbrella for some odd reason and had started to mumble in some kind of narrative tone with a distant look in her eyes, while repeatedly clenching and releasing her fists. The tekkou with their unrefined design, her specialized weapons, were already covering both her hands. Each time she moved her fingers, a low squeaking sound could be heard, but the little girl showed no signs of noticing that sound, as if immersing herself in something.

"No, ten thousand years...no wait, how much was it again? Well, whatever. For me it's as if it happened yesterday, but for all of you it must be..."

"Okay, you can stop right there." Giliel fully swung through her fist, punching the little girl's head.

Without even leaving an impact sound behind - seemingly because of the difference in mass - the little girl's figure vanished on the spot, without any kind of sensation remaining on Giliel's fist.



Difficult for a being with a predestined length of life to even imagine, it was a blow that used almost 100% of the physical power given to her as an angel. And even across the time Giliel had lived, it was a great attack that could truly be called a critical hit. Giliel remained in the stance of having fully unleashed her fist for a little moment, as if relishing in the lingering memory.

Before long, Giliel fixed her posture, and bumped her fists, causing the boorish tekkou to shine with countless tiny sparks of light which vanished after melting with the atmosphere.

Following those sparks with her eyes, Giliel looked up into the sky for a while, but once she returned her look in front of her, she said with a flat voice that seemed to lack any emotions, "Master, are you planning to pick a fight with someone?"

"...Gi-li-eeeeeeeeelll!!" The little girl unleashed a low voice as one might hear at the bottom of hell while not even twitching after having fallen down like a stick in a place slightly away from the unmoving Giliel.

Giliel's face showed no reaction to the voice filled with so much wrath that the other angels might have turned pale in dread if they had heard it. Still, perceiving that the little girl didn't bear a single scratch even though she should have normally died while turning into a little girl splatter with pink and red mucus being scattered all over as Giliel had hit the the defenseless head of the little girl with a completely unexpected attack of that much power with that much mass, Giliel quietly - really quietly - clicked her tongue.



"Is it a revolt? You want to overthrow me!? If you want my position so much, just tell me and I will pass it over to you right away, Giliel!"

"It would be preposterous of me to tell you, master, to switch with me. This Giliel hasn't considered something like this even once in her whole life, nor does she hold even the tiniest shred of ambition in this direction." Giliel said with a voice and attitude that seemed to ooze with hypocritical courtesy.

Once Giliel bowed respectfully, even if it was completely superficial, the little girl goddess stood up with an annoyed expression, rubbing the back of her head, while having tears at the corners of her eyes. Even though she should have slid across the ground with her face for quite a bit of a distance after being pummeled, the little girl's face was unscathed. Noticing that after the little girl lifted her face, Giliel clicked her tongue once more.

"It sure looks like you've become conceited...just because you've gotten slightly stronger, Giliel."

"That's an absurd misunderstanding. This Giliel is convinced to only offer the highest respect and honor she possesses to you, master."

"Hee, the highest you possess, you say...? Around how much is that?"

"Approximately the amount of a teaspoon?" Giliel answered calmly and without hesitation.

A blue vein popped out on the little goddess' forehead due to Giliel's attitude. Even though she was still smiling, her eyes were gleaming fierily, and flames so black and sinister that it was obvious from just looking at them that they would devour everything upon touch were rising up from her arms, which hung down loosely.

Seeing that, Giliel kept her arms close to her body while not wearing the tekkou on her fists this time, and once she drew the clenched fists towards her mouth, she started to slowly weave her body while gradually raising the speed.

"Master, you don't intend to reconsider? I'm pretty sure, only a sad conclusion will await you."

"Don't take me as being on the same level as the supervisors of that world. What, Giliel...you don't need to worry. After pulverizing you down to your atoms, I will reconstruct you from scratch while properly carving respect towards me into your body."

"Master...hatred doesn't give birth to anything."

"So there's a reason for me to hate you!?" The little girl goddess retorted to Giliel who didn't stop to weave despite casting her eyes downwards in sadness.

Once the little girl clenched her fists tightly, the black flames rising from her arms went up in intensity by one level. Noticing that, Giliel fiercely kicked off the ground, shortening the distance with a dash.

"How foolish, Giliel! I will thoroughly prove to you that it's easy for an opponent to grasp the timing of your technique because of its straightforward, systematic pendulum movements!"

The little goddess bluntly declared, but Giliel didn't stop moving, taking her on from the front. The little goddess sneered at the fierce punch unleashed by Giliel, whose face remained unmoving. The instant the little goddess launched a counter at Giliel with a timing and trajectory of unmatched accuracy - exactly because she was called a goddess, she was certain of her own victory.

And then, after being one-sidedly hit by Giliel's fist and sent flying even further than the first time, she ended up revealing a sight unworthy of a goddess, namely, sliding across the ground with her face even further than before.

"What is the meaning of this!?"

Giliel answered the little goddess, who got back up faster than after the first blow, with a fed-up tone, "Master, no matter how perfect your counter might be, the difference in reach between me and the current you is far too big to begin with."

"..."

Being told so, the little goddess looked at her own arms, then she looked at Giliel, and finally looked down at herself. After nodding once as she had apparently realized the circumstances at long last, she suddenly collapsed then and there, completely stopping any movements.

"So, Master, just what is that you wanted to do?" Guessing that things wouldn't get anywhere at this rate, Giliel asked the little goddess from where she was standing without getting close to her.

Her not approaching the little goddess was of course owed to her fear towards suffering her retribution, and she didn't forget to get everything ready in advance so that she could escape to the world she was managing at a moment's notice.

"That is, I wondered whether I should settle...the situation for the moment."

"That's why the act at the beginning...?"

Giliel believed that there would have been a plethora of other, better choices for that sake, but she somehow comprehended that the little goddess was a disappointing little girl, and that she had a tendency to use joke material reflecting that.

"Even if you talk about settling it; since the resources of that world keep decreasing, I have asked you to tie resources to the souls of people, and scatter them by sending those souls into that world. And while that has bought us some time one way or another, I have arrested the current human and beastman supervisors, taking advantage of their blunders and mistakes. The dragonoid and elf supervisors have been killed by the hands of the demon supervisor, who's currently missing."

"So the usurpation of all supervisor domains is already taken care of, and yet you can't spot the whereabouts of the demon supervisor."

While standing up with a heave-ho that had a tinge of an encouraging yell used by elderly people, the little girl pondered, 'In reality, if I just consider the issue of spreading resources, it'd be fine to say that Renya's task has mostly finished at this point.'

Given that they got hold of all management domains by now, the problem would be resolved by providing resources to the world as long as Giliel, who was currently acting as its manager, were to accept the little goddess' assistance. However, if one were to ask why they didn't put that into practice right away, it would be largely owed to the demon supervisor who had gone missing.

Pouring resources in a quality and quantity, which would allow to maintain a world in a situation, where it was unclear where he was and what kind of trap he was setting up, was something the little goddess considered as dangerous.

The impact of the blessings provided to all kinds of beings by resources were apparent if you looked at those around Renya, but the same thing could occur to angels and supervisors of a world. Moreover, even an amount of resources as Renya carried with him as a stop-gap measure, which was no more than a drop in the bucket considering the amount actually necessary, continued to cause various phenomenons.

'If it comes to an amount of resources allowing the revival and maintenance of a world, which is on the path of destruction, and assuming those resources were to be used for an unintended objective for some kind of reason, the one receiving those blessings would doubtlessly become a being untouchable for angels. If I were then to use my power to somehow deal with such a being, that world would probably get destroyed quickly,' assessed the little goddess. "That's why I must consider things very carefully."

"Next I will put all my energy into the search of the demon supervisor, but...due to me being forced to manage domains, which were originally run by five supervisors, with two of them, it's quite unreasonable and a difficult endeavor."

Actually it was a situation where calling it a difficult endeavor was too much of an understatement. The human and beastmen supervisors, who were in the process of turning into undead, were handling 2.5 times the work by continuing to maintain the world than they had done before this chain of events, and in addition, they were continuing the task of tracking the demon supervisor, who had very likely escaped to the lower world, without knowing when this job might come to an end.

Both supervisors shared the opinion that it would have been better for them to resist to the bitter end before being ultimately destroyed, if it was going to turn out like this, but they were now in a situation where they couldn't even choose that option anymore.

"It's because you switched to direct support, isn't it? How's the issue going on that side?"

"Well, I feel like that side will work out one way or another, but...although the sensation of being overlooked is almost flawless, it still looks like he's pretending to not know anything even after I mentioned it from my side."

While looking at Giliel, who donned a wry smile and scratched her cheek, the little goddess casually decided that it must be something labeled as insignificant for that human.

'To put it very extremely, he will treat most matters as insignificant and won't care about them as long as they don't cause any real harm to him and those around him. In the course of events, he fought against demons, rescued the elves, killed the human hero, ended the war, and gathered all the heroes of the four races. If someone unrelated would hear of his actions, they might end up believing that he's some kind of hero as they only exist in legends, but in reality he simply hates any harm befalling those close to him, has no choice but to remove elements that obstruct him in what he wants to do, or merely falls into a situation where he can't pretend to not be involved. None of his actions follow some greater goal.

"In other words...he's very hard to read."

It was very difficult to get a clue on what would trigger him and what kind of action he would take, and that fact also bewildered the little goddess.

'If he were to be a human of that world, there would still be some hands to play, but he isn't. In other words, he isn't part of that world's flow. In his former world he has already passed away, or in short, you could say that he has no ties with that world any longer, resulting in him being disconnected from that world's flow as well. Because of that, I can't make any predictions, no matter which world's logic I use. It makes me fully realize that I'm not all-knowing either, but it's not like I got the time to only make such complaints.'

The little goddess ponders in silence, whether she should let things take their own course or make some kind move from her side.

"It'd be still better if it was just a snake that came out from poking the thicket. What would we do if some indefinable being popped out after poking the thicket?" Giliel quietly said something similar to a warning after seeing the little goddess' pensive look.

That was a view she could definitely agree on. There was no doubt that just the risk would be high with the return being unclear. For a bet, it would be way too disadvantageous.

It's not that the little goddess didn't understand that, but if she concluded that it was necessary despite the bad odds, she would still take the bet while fully aware of the risk.

"It's something to consider, isn't it?"

"Though I think things would be resolved in one stroke if we manage to locate the demon supervisor."

Outwardly Giliel pushed the two former supervisors around without any mercy, but even Giliel herself was fully aware that she was being unreasonable. For that reason alone, she fully understood that she couldn't force any more on them.



"Speaking of the demon supervisor, there's something I'd like to ask, if you don't mind."

"What might that be, master?"

"Tell me, in the end..." The little goddess made a short break there, and then continued with an expression showing that she considered it really odd, "...what kind of game was... it that they were playing in that world?"

"Pardon?"

Giliel wondered why she asked that question now after all this time, but immediately perceiving the meaning behind the question, she tilted her head to the side in puzzlement. Now that she tried thinking about it, she had received reports that they apparently played a base game, but she had absolutely no information how they actually decided the winner and losers, or what rules they set.

"I'm sorry to ask this of you while you're busy, but can I have you check back with those two? Even though they should have continued playing that game until now, how come that all five of them fully kept the setting of one power per continent? Normally, one side should be somewhat stronger, or a part of the powers should have perished, no?"

"Now that you mention it..."

Giliel, who muttered this as if saying that the idea hadn't appeared to her yet, bowed to the little goddess once, got permission to leave, and immediately departed the place in order to confirm with the two former supervisors who were running around with a hecticness that would immediately make one's eyes spin due to the territories of that world.

The little goddess, who had been left behind by herself, muttered with no one being around her, "I wonder...just what were those children trying to accomplish over there?"

Of course, as there was no one to answer that question, it simply vanished after being released into the empty space.